Volume LXXXII CHICAGO, December 19, 1918 Number 15

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

IF ALL THE PEOPLE—

Lord, if all the people should
Be aware of utter good;
Suddenly if there should fall
Some dear knowledge on us all;
Air and sunlight deeply weaving
Their bright earnest of believing;
Neighbour look on neighbour other,
Not his keeper, but his brother;
If there flowered the sweetest things
That the common living brings—
Family love and Christmas joy,
Smiles for any little boy,
Praise and gentle ways of speech,
Tender looks of each on each,
Kindness, gladness, meeting hands,
Hearts avoice in all the lands,
What if, in a flash, we knew
All that sweetness to be true,
True as love, as God, as birth,
Every hour down all the earth.
Lord, if all the people should
Be aware of utter good
And if it should fall that way
On the people of our day. . . . .

ZONA GALE

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

Notes 207

Money vs. Time—JAMES WALDO FAWCETT..... 208

THE PULPIT—

The Healing of Hate—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES... 209

POETRY—

If All the People—ZONA GALE..... 205

Sew the Flags Together—*Vachel Lindsay*..... 207

THE FIELD—

The Official Truth—*A. W. Rosenthal*..... 215

The Social Order.—*Lloyd George*..... 215

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1918 Number 15

SEW THE FLAGS TOGETHER

Great wave of youth, ere you be spent,
Sweep over every monument
Of caste, smash every high imperial wall
That stands against the new World State,
And overwhelms each ravening hate,
And heal, and make blood-brothers of us all.
Nor let your clamor cease
Till ballots conquer guns.
Drum on for the world's peace
Till the Tory power is gone.
Envenomed lame old age
Is not our heritage,
But springtime's vast release, and flaming dawn.

Peasants, rise in splendor
And your accounting render,
Ere the lords unnerve your hand!
Sew the flags together.
Do not tear them down.
Hurl the worlds together.
Dethrone the wallowing monster
And the clown.
Resolving only that shall grow
In Balkan furrow, Chinese row,
That blooms, and is perpetually young,
That only be held bright and clear
That brings heart-wisdom year by year
And puts this thrilling word upon the tongue:
"The United States of Europe, Asia, and the World."

"Youth will be served," now let us cry.
Hurl the referendum.
Your fathers, five long years ago,
Resolved to strike, too late.
Now
Sun-crowned crowds
Innumerable,
Of boys and girls
Imperial,
With your patchwork flag of brotherhood
On high,
With every silk
In one flower-banner whirled—
Rise,
Citizens of one tremendous state,
The United States of Europe, Asia, and the World.

The dawn is rose-drest and impearled.
The guards of privilege are spent.
The blood-fed captains nod.
So Saxon, Slav, French, German,
Rise,
Yankee, Chinese, Japanese,
All the lands, all the seas,
With the blazing rainbow flag unfurled,
Rise,
Rise,
Take the sick dragons by surprize,
Highly establish,
In the name of God,
The United States of Europe, Asia, and the World.

The Boston Transcript. —*Vachel Lindsay.*

The Public of New York seems to be less confident now than it did during the days of the war that real democracy is to come out of the struggle. In a recent editorial it points out the "bad impression that has been made by the failure of the President to appoint any labor man to a place on the peace delegation." On top of this comes the refusal of the British and French governments to permit an Interallied Labor Conference at Paris at the time of the Peace Conference. *The Public* points out that

> Labor men are now asking, in no very amiable spirit whether the Allied Governments, having used organized labor during the war, now propose to turn their backs on the labor chieftains and go about their business in the old way, with labor out in the cold. . . . .
>
> Labor in France and England is determined to block the schemes of their own privileged interests for a peace settlement that will advance the economic interests of the masters of finance and industry, at the expense of justice and harmony. Labor in these countries is suspicious and critical, and rightly so. It deserves representation in the peace conference. Confident in the hour of victory, the Governments apparently feel that the demands of the radicals can be safely ignored. They probably count on the presence of President Wilson at the Conference to allay suspicion and to procure the acquiescence of their own laborites in the settlement. It is a safe guess that the Allied Governments have asked Mr. Wilson not to appoint a labor man, on the plea that, while they would be delighted to have Mr. Gompers present, their own labor movements were not to be trusted, yet would have to be represented if America set the precedent. No man has contributed more than Mr. Gompers to sustaining them in this position. No man has done more to weaken the influence of the labor movements of France and England.
>
> The situation thus brought about throws a still heavier load on Mr. Wilson. We must conclude that he realizes his responsibility, and accepts it. Lacking other representation, labor will look to him. Again we face a situation wherein all depends on one man. Q.

We are glad to see that many of the citizens of "small nations" who have found a home in the United States are taking most seriously that one of President Wilson's Fourteen Points which guarantees the self-determination of all nations, large and small. On Sunday afternoon in Chicago two large mass-meetings were held—one at the Garrick Theatre in which the Greek citizens of the city demanded that the status of Greece be discussed at the Peace Table and that the nation be restored as a whole and her citizens be allowed to vote as to her independency. The other meeting crowded the First Regiment Armory with 14,000 friends of Ireland and was addressed by Archbishop Mundelein, Mayor Thompson and other notables. It unanimously passed a stirring resolution quoting the President's words about small nations, demanding a seat for Ireland at the Peace Table and insisting that Ireland be allowed by a vote of her citizenship to determine her allegiance. Is it too much to hope that after the Peace Conference is ended, not only the Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slavs, but the Irish, for centuries

> Fighters in every land,
> For every cause but their own,

the Greeks, the Egyptians, and Boers and Hindus and Filipinos, and even the Russians shall take their rightful status in the League of Nations as independent and self-determining states, free to choose for themselves the particular kind of freedom and democracy that they prefer, rather than the kind that some other nation prefers them to have? Q.

The liberal press of the United States seems to be waking up with painful suddenness to the fact that it looks extremely unlikely that the liberals of the world are to get much, if any, of their program through at the Peace Conference. Indeed the situation must seem desperate when *The Public* turns from its usual advocacy of the mild reform of single tax to the advocacy of such radical, not to say revolutionary measures as that with which it closes a long editorial entitled "Will Wilson Fail?" After reviewing the causes liable to result in the President's failure to get his peace-program accepted at the Peace Conference, chief among which it counts Great Britain's continued desire for supremacy, it gives the following alternative.

There is no universal solvent for these problems. Yet there is one that comes reasonably near that, in the view of many of us. It is the passing of political control into the hands of the workers,—of the workers organized on the basis of the interests of the common man. And perhaps the best thing we shall get out of the Paris Conference will be the final disillusionment of workers the world over as to the trustworthiness of Governments dominated by men of the privileged classes. Those classes can never live in harmony with each other, not only because the mood of privilege is the mood of aggression and injustice, but because it is to their interest to keep alive bellicose nationalist feeling and threaten innovators with dangers from enemies without. If the coming Peace Conference fails, we may at least be confident that it will be the final failure of a discredited regime. The workers of Europe are watching. If their aspirations cannot be made effectual through the leadership of President Wilson, they will find other instruments. Q.

Money vs. Time

The Artist's View

The close of the Great War, we believe, has brought the world a sense of new and finer values. Some of the material things for which men formerly hankered and fought now seem tawdry and insignificant. Some of the old dogmas, some of the old traditions have perished in the cataclysm. Some of the mythical "ideals" for which we once entertained vast fondness have gone by the board, never to return. The sordid worship of kings, princes and potentates has been replaced, we hope, by a new respect for humble men. The love of power has suffered an eclipse. Stars have grown dim and perished. Old orders have dropped into Time's abyss. Castes have broken down. There has been a gain for the humane ideal.

If this change has not taken place, if we are now mistaken, the suffering and loss of the past four years has been completely vain. If the old wrong is still unrighted we have been deceived.

As to this the future alone can truly tell. If our children are feer than we have been, if life is broader and nobler, the price the world has paid and still must pay is not too great.

The war, we feel, was born of a gross materialism, of a clash of economic interests, of a lust for "treasure." The very institutions, the very conditions, for which the war was begun, to maintain which mighty armies struggled, have been lost in the strife. All the nations have suffered unspeakably, have traveled in a Valley of Shadows; the people have been weakened, their motives cleansed, their dreams restored. Liberty and justice have taken on their truest meanings. At least, we are told that this is so.

One of the great causes of the conflict was the lust for money, for mere gold, silver and copper, for stamped disks of crass metal. These were, of course, but symbols, symbols of power, of control of many men by a few men, of machines, of states, by men of little spiritual gift, men scarcely qualified to hold such power. One of the old legends was the value of money and the use of commercial exchange; this legend has been crippled and, perhaps, slain. Men have learned at last how insecure such wealth is. Men have turned back to the Carpenter of Nazareth. They have said: "We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire not conquest, no dominion . . . we seek nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples."

Freedom has no price; it is not quoted on the stock exchange. It is priceless, it is too great, too precious to be sold. And freedom means independence. The Colonial fathers of America called their revolution a struggle for independence. And they used the word correctly.

Man has learned at last that freedom is nothing but a name, often misused, unless it means freedom from arbitrary interference, unless it signifies independence, independence not for a few but for all.

And independence means not money but time,—opportunity, the right to advance, the right to live liberally.

What the artist wants is time, not material wealth; the artist's standard is the true one, his function is the expression of truth.

The people have come back to the artist for guidance. They want to live, not to slave; to progress, not to stand still. "Onward and upward" is their cry. "Give us time to live and love."

Must their appeal fall on deaf ears? We believe not.

If life is not nobler and truer, if man is not freer, we have not won this war. On the contrary, we have lost it.

James Waldo Fawcett.

THE PULPIT

The Healing of Hate

A sermon preached by Rev. John Haynes Holmes in the Church of the Messiah, New York City, on November 10, 1918; and in the First Untarian Church, Chicago, November 17, 1918.

TEXT: *For my part, I have learnt of late,*
Those hateful to us, we are not to hate.
—*Sophocles*: *Ajax.*

I little thought when I contemplated this sermon on "the healing of hate" some months ago, that I should be preaching it under such conditions as are prevailing at this moment. It was my expectation that I would deliver it as a message of challenge and admonition to a nation at war; but how, behold, we see the country, while still technically in a state of war, and likely to remain so for months to come, just on the eve of entering happily upon the ways of peace. In view of this amazing development, I thought for a time it would be wise for me to put this sermon one side, and discuss here some subject immediately arising out of the existing international situation. Then I recalled that hate is as dangerous a thing in time of peace as in time of war; and that the healing of hate is as necessary to the making of a clean peace at the peace table as the winning of a clean victory on the field of battle. So I resolved to go ahead and speak to you as though we were living under exactly the same conditions today as prevailed before the collapse of the Central Empires.

My theme, of course, is hate—the hate which early made its appearance in Germany, and immortalized itself in that dreadful song, "The Hymn of Hate"; which spread like a contagion to the other belligerent countries of Europe, and which a few months ago, exactly after the example of the Spanish influenza, began to seize upon the minds and hearts of the people of America. It would be easy to spend all of my time this morning in condemning this scourge of hate; and I take it that most of you would follow me with satisfaction if I should enter upon such a course. But out-and-out condemnation seems to me hardly necessary at this late period of the war; we have already condemned the thing so savagely, as it has appeared among the enemy, that we may be supposed to have learned all that can be learned from indulgence of this kind. Furthermore, the fact that our denunciation of hate among the Germans has not prevented its appearance among ourselves, shows convincingly that we now need something more than mere condemnation in this case. I propose, therefore, in my address this morning, to pass on from condemnation to interpretation. Without getting in any way denunciatory, but trying earnestly, so far as possible, to keep the scientific habit of mind, I propose to consider the emotion of hate from the standpoint simply of its cause and of its cure. I want to consider what hatred is—what is its nature, and what the sources from which it springs; and then consider what can be done to heal it, and thus to end it evermore. You will understand, of course, that my purpose in so speaking is none other than that of striving to save America from a malady which we have no difficulty in recognizing as a sin in other people, and thus helping her to carry this conflict through to the very end in a spirit as noble as that which was commended to us in the beginning by the exhortation of President Wilson in the speech of April 2, 1917.

Before proceeding to the real business of the morning, I feel it advisable to clear away, if possible, some misunderstandings which may easily become involved in the question which I am proposing to discuss. Especially are there two matters of confusion, against which I want to guard myself as deliberately and emphatically as possible.

In the first place, I may point out that, in arguing, as I shall this morning, that we should not hate our enemies, I do not mean to imply that we should ignore or condone the offenses of which they may be guilty. I speak of this the more particularly, since a certain ethical teacher in this country has argued, in a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly,* for what he calls "the duty of hatred," on the ground that we must hate evil and that a condition of hating evil is the hating also of the person who is responsible for evil. How can we hate the sinking of a hospital ship at sea, he asks, without hating the naval officer who discharged the torpedo through the water; or how hate the bombing of an unfortified town, without hating the men who dropped form the sky upon the helpless population, the missiles of awful death? The evil deed and the evil doer manifestly belong together; we cannot hate the one without the other. And that we must hate evil, wherever it appears, is a basic principle of morality! In other words, there is a "duty of hatred," even of persons, which cannot be escaped.

Now with all that this writer has to say about the duty of hating evil, I am in absolute agreement. When we attempt, in the name of love, forsooth, to condone monstrous deeds of unrighteousness and cruelty, we are practicing a perverted kind of love which Emerson has well described as of the "puling and whining" type. We are yielding not to sentiment at all, but to a sentimentality which deserves the abhorrence of every honest heart. A first condition of moral integrity, in the individual and in society alike, is the reprobation of all things evil. The prophets of old Israel had the right idea when they declared that we must not only "love the good," but "hate the evil"! When this teacher goes on, however, and tries to identify the deed and the doer he is doing something which has not the slightest warrant in either the moral experience or idealism of the race. He ignores altogether the principle laid down by Prof. Hocking, in his recent book, "Human Nature and Its Remaking," that sin does not necessarily show a sinner at all—that "as men grow wise, the judgment of moral censure tends to be replaced by the judgment of misfit." A man may be guilty of a sin, not because he is a sinner, but because he is physically depressed, mentally unbalanced, stupid or ignorant, or even because he is dominated by a perverted sense of duty. No matter what the offense is, or what our abhorrence of the offense, we have no right to feel any hatred toward the offender. "Instead of thinking that a sin shows a sinner," says Prof. Hocking, "shall we not say that a sin, taken by itself, shows nothing at all?"

But there is a still more important point here. I refer to what is known as one of the profoundest truths of human life—namely, the dynamics of personality. A deed is a completed, a final thing. It is today what it

was yesterday. It remains tomorrow what it is today. Once inscribe an action of any kind on the pages of history, and it stands there forever; no power in heaven or earth can change it, any more than water could cleanse the hand of Lady Macbeth. A deed, in other words, is static; there is nothing within it or without it that can alter its character in the slightest degree. When we come to the doer, as contrasted with the deed, however, we face an entirely different phenomenon. A person is never finished or unchanging. What he is today is different from what he was yesterday; and what he will be, or may be made to be, tomorrow, is different from what he is today. Personality, in other words, is dynamic, and not static. It is subject to alteration, improvement, sanctification. All of which means that our attitude toward a doer, unlike our attitude toward a deed, must be determined not by what the person is at this moment, but by what he may become, perhaps through our own influence, at some future time! This is the principle which lies at the bottom of what we know as modern psychology. In the old days, we put sin and sinner together, and hating both, destroyed both. Today we separate the two, somewhat on the basis of the Christian maxim that we must "hate the sin and love the sinner." This involves no condoning of evil. No one would accuse Thomas Mott Osborne, for example, of condoning burglary, or forgery, or murder, because he treats criminals like men, and tries to bring back even the worst of them to the ways of pure and ordered life. This enlightened man starts out with the principle that a crime against society is never to be ignored, and that a criminal is never to escape the penalty of his offense. He simply insists that the crimimal, in spite of his crime, shall be respected as a man, for the potential capacities of good that are still within him, and these capacities thus be given opportunity to develop. We must love the offender, in other words, just because we hate his offense, and *want him to hate it also!* This is the great thing—the conversion of the sinner to abhorrence of his own sin. And this can be achieved only through the mystic power of unfaltering confidence and goodwill. All of which brings me to the point which I am trying to emphasize at this moment—that my repudiation of hate does not mean in any sense that I am seeking to ignore or condone the offenses of the guilty!

A second fact which I desire to emphasize for the avoidance of misunderstanding, is that in what I shall say about hatred this morning, I am not arguing against the legitimate application of the principles of justice. Some people seem to feel that it will be impossible to exact justice of the enemy unless we are moved by hatred of him for the deeds which he has done. As a matter of fact, nothing could be farther from the truth. I believe in justice as much as any man—justice, that is, interpreted not as punishment of a person but as rectification of a wrong. If I had my way, I would set up after this war a great international commission, on which should sit representatives of all the belligerent, and also the more important of the neutral powers. I would have this commission consider the deeds of violence perpetrated in this conflict, much as the famous Geneva Convention considered the claims of the United States against Great Britain for the conduct of Her Majesty's government during the Civil War. And wherever a violation of the accepted principles of international law was proven, I would have this commission exact of the guilty nation restoration or reparation in full. Punitive indemnities must not be demanded. Damage or losses suffered as an incident of legal warfare should under no circumstances be made good. It is only the part of justice, however, that wanton violations of neutrality and the laws of nations should be followed by such indemnifications as may be possible after the event. This I believe with all my heart. But it is just because I believe in justice of this kind, that I can give no recognition to hatred. For hatred has to do with vengeance, not with justice—with wrath, not with reason. Procedure in a court of law is a perfect example of what I mean! If a judge discovers, when he looks upon the defendant at the bar, that he feels repugnance or hatred for this man, he instantly declares, if he be an upright judge, that his emotion renders him incompetent to dispense justice in the case, and he resigns his position to another. When the jurymen present themselves for qualification, they are closely questioned as to their feelings toward the prisoner, and they are excused as unequivocably for enmity as for friendship. From the first moment of a trial to the last, every element of emotion is ruled out of the court, no matter what the character of the crime, or how guilty the defendant may seem to be, for only in an atmosphere of dispassionate impartiality can the great ideal of justice be obtained. When a case is tried as it should be, with scrupulous elimination of every sentiment making for anger or prejudice, the prisoner is oftentimes the first to declare that he has been treated fairly, and is ready therefore to suffer the uttermost rigor of the law. Indeed, it may not inaccurately be said that the test of justice in such a case is not so much the conviction as the conversion of the criminal, so that he recognizes the evil he has done, and accepts without complaint the judgment which society brings against him. Whether the Germans can thus be persuaded to join in their own condemnation, I do not know. Personally I believe that the German people have never been willing participants in the crimes perpetrated against civilization by their rulers; and that they will be among the first to recognize the justice of the demand that they make restitution and reparation to the nations which they have outraged. The events going forward at this moment with lightning rapidity in the Central Empires show that President Wilson's distinction between the German government and the German people is absolutely valid. But even if the Germans cannot be convinced of the wrongs which they have done, their children, and their children's children can be so convinced, if justice is now done without either bitterness or hate. Lloyd George never spoke a wiser word than when he said, "We must not allow any sense of revenge . . . to over-ride the fundamental principles of rigteousness. (We must have) a settlement which is fundamentally just." Hatred, in other words, means not the enforcement but the betrayal of justice. Just to the extent to which we desire a just settlement of this Great War, must we purge our hearts of hatred of the enemy.

With these two misunderstandings anticipated and cleared away, we can now proceed to the discussion of the real question which is before us—namely, the nature and the healing of hate. The difficulties of the problem are apparent at the start. Peculiarly baffling is the endeavor to get at the heart of the matter, and lay hold of some facts which may give us guidance. We

beat, as it were, at a portal which is closed and locked against us, and thus remain on the outside of a problem which reveals nothing of its secrets to our gaze. This very War, however, which has so enormously extended and complicated the phenomenon of hate, has at the same time shown to us at least one thing which may well serve as an "Open Sesame" to its mysteries. I refer to the extraordinary fact, which was discovered very early in the conflict, and has remained from that day to this one of the most significant revelations of human nature, that the hate which we are discussing is not to be found on the battlefield, where man battles fiercely against man amid the most awful conditions of destruction and death that the world has ever seen, but hundreds, nay more often thousands, of miles away, where men are still walking quietly and safely the accustomed ways of peace. By those unacquainted with the circumstances of military life, it might be supposed that hatred would develop in the trenches as inevitably as rats and lice. As a matter of fact, however, nothing could be farther from the truth! Not in the front line, nor the base hospital, nor the great headquarters, nor even the prison camp, is hatred to be found, but in the salon, the parlor, the pulpit, the lecture platform, far in the rear away from the bloodshed and the sound of guns. Not the soldier but the stay-at-home is the good hater. Not the man with the bayonet, but the woman with the knitting-kneedle or the teacup, is the one who breathes out fire and slaughter against the enemy. Of course, this is not always true. To such a sweeping generalization there are always significant exceptions. Thus I recall a book entitled "Comrades of Courage," on the whole, one of the noblest specimens of the literature produced by the Great War, written by a French officer who had seen long and dangerous service, which strikes with unmistakable emphasis this note of hate. On the other hand, who of us does not know of persons far removed from the battle front who have kept their hearts pure of every trace of bitterness? I recall a beloved friend of mine who died this past summer, heart-broken over the tragedy of the European cataclysm. A loyal patriot, with two sons at the front, he mourned the vast catastrophe as few have mourned it, and when stricken with a fatal illness, wrote among his last words, the pathetic confession that he was resigned to the fate that was impending. "Since 1914," he wrote, "the world is full of hate, and I shall never be happy again."

There are exceptions, therefore, to this rule. Some of those at the front hate the enemy; some of those in the rear have not lost their hold upon compassion and goodwill. But the rule, as a rule, still holds good. Let me give you some illustrations of this most remarkable of all facts connected with the War, as I sometimes think—the absence of hatred in the case of those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, suffered the most and seen the worst. I choose these illustrations almost at random from the multitude of reports which have come from the front.

In a recent address, delivered in this country by Bishop Guerry of South Carolina, there occurs the statement: "At Camp Wadsworth, in my own state, an American officer who had just returned from France, told me that he had heard no talk of hate among our men in the trenches." Then this wise churchman goes on to say, "Hate is not the spirit which inspires men to sacrifice, and we must not let it take hold of us."

More interesting and impressive are the direct testimonies from the men who have faced and fought the enemy. I submit for your consideration the words of three soldiers—a Frenchman, an Englishman, and an American.

The Frenchman, writing from the front line trenches to a friend in Switzerland, a private letter which has been published both in this country and in France, declares, "We have only scorn for those who in the rear preach hatred. We have made the sacrifice of our lives, and we do not want to die hating."

The Englishman, to whom I refer, is Coningsby Dawson, the well-known author of "Carry On" and "The Glory of the Trenches." I quote no particular passage in his case, but remind you instead of the spirit which pervades the books which this man has written, and which I am sure all of you have read. In "The Glory of the Trenches," for example, which reflects a longer and therefore deeper experience than "Carry On," I was struck from the beginning with the genial kindliness which seemed to characterize its references to the enemy. Now and then there was a trace of anger as he described some atrocity which he had witnessed, but goodwill was everywhere the prevailing note. I was not a particle surprised, therefore, to discover Lieut. Dawson declaring at the end, in his chapter on the religion of the soldiers, called "God As We See Him," that there was no hatred in his heart for the Germans. In all his somewhat long description of how the "Tommy" feels about the War, he finds no place for the hatred which is so dear to us at home.

The American soldier, to whom I refer, is that fair young Sir Galahad, Briggs Adams, the aviator, whose letters to his mother have been printed in the October issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Intimate, tender, frank, these letters reveal the inmost spirit of one of the bravest of the men who lie "somewhere in France" this day, a man whom it makes our hearts beat quicker to think of as an American. And what does he have to say about the enemy—these Germans whom he met day after day amid the clouds of heaven, in battles to the death? Listen how he begins the letter dated October, 1917: "I feel no bitterness against the Huns," he says, "as individuals or as a race. It is war that I hate, and war that I am willing to give all to end as permanently as possible."

More remarkable, however, than the testimony even of these soldiers, is the word of one distinguished man who has seen the utmost horrors of the war perhaps as intimately as anybody now living. I refer to Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. At the outbreak of the struggle, this famous churchman was in Rome. Immediately that word was brought to him of the march of the German hosts, he hastened to his diocese; and there, amid the indescribable horrors of invasion and occupation, he has remained to this glad day of deliverance, sheltering his people and caring for their needs as best he has been able. In his various letters, sermons, encyclicals, written during the last few years, we have the most reliable and complete information as yet available as to the facts of Germany in Belgium. No newspaper reports which have come from that most unhappy of countries, not the official pages of the Bryce Report, not even the burning words of Brand Whitlock in his chapters in *Everybody's Magazine*, present so damning an indictment of German rule as these preachments of the Belgian Cardinal. And what does he have to say about

hating the oppressors of his beloved country? Remember, as I read his words, that this man has witnessed with his own eyes the worst that has transpired in Belgium. He has seen his churches destroyed, his great university at Louvain burned to the ground, his nuns outraged and his priests shot, his people starved, murdered, enslaved, deported; he himself was imprisoned for days, and visited with repeated insult, indignity and threats of death. When called upon to picture the full agony of his people, he could only compare them to the ancient Israelites who were carried away into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar. The Psalm which they sang "by the waters of Babylon" he said, may well be the song which his people take upon our lips. But he continued, "That Psalm ends in imprecations; we must not allow ourselves to repeat them. We are not of the Old Testament; our lips, purified by the fire of Christian charity, utter no words of hate. To hate is to make it one's object to do harm to others and to delight in so doing. Whatever may be our sufferings, we must not show hatred toward those who have inflicted them."

This prevailing absence of hatred in the hearts of those who have come closest to the horrors of the War, I have called one of the most remarkable facts produced by the great conflict. Especially is this apparent when the absence of hatred at the front is contrasted with its abundant presence in the rear. Something there is here which calls for explanation; and this explanation I believe is the very thing which will enable us to understand the nature of hate, and lay hold on the method of its healing. To explain why the soldier feels little or none of the hatred which characerizes the stay-at-home is to speak the "Open Sesame" which opens the locked portal. Nor is the explanation difficult to find. Various suggestions have been offered by various students of the problem. I have time to mention only those three which seem to lead us most nearly to the heart of the mystery.

First of all, I would refer to the doctrine set forth by the psychologist. Hate, says this investigator, is fundamentally an expression of fear. We hate the man, or group of men, of whom we are afraid. Usually this hatred springs from fear of physical power which is used to thwart our desires, and which we are unable to overcome. Thus the schoolboy hates the master who uses his authority to inflict punishment. The employer hates the laborers who are so well organized that they can control the destinies of his business. The workers hate the capitalist who is so powerful that he can break every strike and defeat every endeavor at unionization. Sometimes it is from fear of moral power that hatred takes its rise. Thus the persecutor hates the victim whose body he can kill, but whose soul he cannot touch. In any case, however, it is fear which is at the bottom of our wrath. For we never hate the person who is physically or morally weaker than ourselves. We have pity for him, perhaps contempt, but never hatred. We need only to turn to the story of this war, to find a striking illustration of our thesis. When, for example, did hatred first seize upon the German people? At the moment when the news came across the channel that England had launched her ships into the storm! Germany felt only pity for the swarming hordes of Russia; she had contempt for the decadent manhood of France; Belgium was a speck of dust to be lightly blown aside. But for years the British Empire had stood as the one great obstacle in the pathway of the Teutonic will to power. Germany feared England; she had precipitated upon Europe the curse of war only when she felt sure that England would not join the circle of her enemies. Now, most unexpectedly, Great Britain was clasping hands with Belgium and with France; and fear gripped the heart of every German! At that moment was chanted the "Hymn of Hate"; at that moment was the Prussian Empire engulfed by a flood of wrath against "perfidious Albion"! Later on, in the war, this hatred spread. Germans hated Frenchmen when they found that their military power was not consumed in the fiery furnace of Verdun. Germans hated Americans when, contrary to every calculation, our troops were convoyed safely across the seas and marshalled on the western front. So also with hatred in other countries. England began to hate Germany when she found that the war had not been won at the first battle of the Marne, and thus learned to fear the power of German arms. The tide of hatred began to rise and overspread America this last spring and summer, when we stood well nigh terror-stricken at the prospect of a successful German drive against Paris and the channel ports. Now that the fight is done, hatred springs up everywhere against the Bolsheviki, not because of our knowledge of their wickedness, but simply because of our dismay at their revolutionary power. Fear and hatred always go together. Man seems to be so constituted as to hate the thing he fears.

Now we only have to apply this psychological explanation of the origin of hate to the problem of the soldier and the stay-at-home, to understand at once why the latter hates the enemy, and the former does not. The stay-at-home, thousands of miles away from the scene of conflict, knowing nothing of the conditions of battle, trained to no exercise of courage or endurance, is immediately a prey to every kind of anxiety and terror. Only now and then, in moments of supreme crisis, does his fear come to the front and take conscious possession of his life. But all the time, in ways that he never realizes, the stay-at-home is fearful; and inevitably this state of mind expresses itself in hatred of those responsible. The soldier, on the other hand, is brave. Even though he be a coward at heart, he is disciplined to courage. Furthermore, he is living all the time in the atmosphere of successful preparation against the enemy. He hears the thousands of cannon upon the battle front, he sees the vast dumps of ammunition, he knows the valor of his comrades and himself, he trusts his general and his country. Let the enemy do his worst! There is nothing to fear! And just for this reason is there nobody to hate! The combination is infallible. There is only one circumstance under which an army ever hates its foe—and that is when it finds itself helplessly defeated and thus consumed with fear.

A second explanation of the origin of hate is that offered by the biologist. I wonder how many of you are familiar with the experiments which have been carried on in recent years at Harvard University in investigation of the effects on the physical organism of fear, anger, pain, or horror? By a most delicate series of observations it has been discovered that when a man is overwhelmed by any one of these profound and torturing emotions, a poison is generated in his body, exactly as we have long known that a poison is generated by fatigue. A few drops of blood, for example,

if taken from the veins of a person who is terror-stricken, or angry, or wracked with pain, and then injected into a guinea pig or a rabbit, will kill the little creature within a comparatively short period of time. Against such a poisoning of the system the body must be protected if it is to function normally and healthfully. The organism, in other words, must be cleansed. And this can be done only through action of such intensity and duration that the poison is thrown off. If action of this kind does not transpire, the poison all remains within the system, with the result that we become physically and mentally corrupted. And the first and most certain sign of this corruption in the mental field is none other than this very hate which we are discussing. The old Greeks were scientifically accurate, in other words, when they used the phrase, "black liver," to describe what we know as hatred. This emotion is only a symptom of a literal physical poisoning of the organism as a result of profound emotional experience.

Now a flood of light is thrown by this explanation upon the remarkable absence of hate among the soldiers who might well be expected to be the first to feel it. That we stay-at-homes have been the victims of nerve-racking emotions during the last four years goes without saying. We have been stirred up by the constant excitements of the battle; frightened by the prospect of the overthrow and destruction of all that we hold dear; horrified by the increasing tales of atrocities on land and sea; stricken in some cases by the loss of those whom we most dearly love. Similar sensations have been felt, also, in some cases in even greater intensity, by the men at the front. But the stay-at-homes, unlike the soldiers, have been unable to pour out their emotions in forms of action. They have for the most part been forced to keep their emotions closely pent up within their breasts. With the inevitable result, that they have become poisoned, exactly as though some foreign poison had been injected into their veins! Day after day, as emotion has continued and become intensified, the poison, thrown off by no activity commensurate with the sensations raging within, has accumulated. The liver, the Greek dramatists would say, has turned "black," and hate at last becomes the one consuming passion of the hour.

With the soldier, however, it is different. Ceaseless activity is the routine of his daily life. If he be at the front, he is engaged in forms of labor so prolonged and terrific as to result in complete physical and mental exhaustion. "Going into *action*" is an accurate scientific phrase. From the moment that the soldier comes under gun fire, he is stretched to the limit, used until he is used up, held to his task both day and night till he is paralyzed with exhaustion. Under such conditions, emotion may be profound and agonizing, but it has no opportunity to register its presence on the physical organism. Poison, if generated at all, is thrown off as fast as it accumulates. And with the absence of the poison in the body, there is corresponding absence of hatred in the heart. Immensely suggestive is the confession of Lieut. Coningsby Dawson on a certain page of his "The Glory of the Trenches." Describing some horrifying experience which he had undergone, he raises the question of hatred of the enemy. And he says, with great significance, "Our emotions were too exhausted for hatred."

A third and final explanation of the healing of hate at the battle front is that which I may describe, rather crudely, as the sociological. I refer to the fact, so well attested by sociological research, that hate is primarily the consequence of separation, isolation, alienation. A familiar story will emphasize the point which I have in mind. On a certain day, it is said, as Samuel Johnson and his friend, Boswell, were proceeding along the streets of London, the testy Doctor pointed his cane at a passerby across the way, and exclaimed viciously, "Oh, how I hate that man!" "Hate him," said Boswell, "why, you don't know him, do you?" "Of course not," replied the Doctor with exceeding frankness, "if I knew him I couldn't hate him."

This fact, so well attested, lies at the bottom of much that we know as the prejudices and hostilities of men. It is the simplest kind of sociological fact that hatred between tribe and tribe, clan and clan, even family and family, in the early days of social history, was a consequence of the physical separation of their members. Isolated from one another by rivers, mountains and forests, never meeting except in the rivalries of the hunt or the hostilities of the battle, they reveled in ignorance and therefore in hate. Communication, on the other hand, between tribe and tribe, as a result of fortunate geographical location or forced co-operation for survival, always resulted in knowledge and the consequent disappearance of hate. In modern times, of course, communication has been rendered ever more easy and rapid, and isolation therefore ever more difficult. The spread of good feeling between nations and races has necessarily therefore been one of the conspicuous facts in present-day social history. But the War ended this development upon the instant. For it is the very nature of war to separate. Men are torn apart physically, not allowed to see one another or even to communicate. They are alienated mentally and morally, fed on all kinds of misunderstandings, and betrayed by every variety of rumor and falsehood. Alienation under such circumstances is inevitable, and today, as yesterday, this alienation is quickly followed by hate.

At first sight it may seem that this circumstance would cause hatred to flourish among the soldiers quite as much as among the civilians, for what can be more terrible than the hostility which separates contending armies? Among the combatants at the front, however, as not among the non-combatants at home, there comes into play a second circumstance of extraordinary interest which modifies the situation. I refer to the fact that, so far as the soldiers are concerned, there is created by war not only hostile and neutral territory, but a third stretch of territory which has come to be known in this war as "No Man's Land." This is a portion of the world which is stripped altogether of civilians, and given over to armies for the purpose of combat. It constitutes in its way a kind of world by itself, the experiences of which are terrific and known only to soldiers. And, be it noticed, known equally by the soldiers of the two forces battling for supremacy! The fighting men of both sides, in other words, are taken out of the only world they know, and dropped down into a new and very dreadful world created by war; and this they share not only with their comrades but with the enemy. Friend and foe stand uncovered beneath the same sky, and look across the horrors of the same wilderness. They wallow in the same mud of the trenches, shiver beneath the same blasts of snow

and ice, bask in the grateful warmth of the same sunshine. Theirs together is the agony of the bombardment, the hazard of death, and the forlornness of a homesick heart. What wonder that under such circumstances there springs even between men sworn to do the work of death on one another, a sense of comradeship and goodwill! What wonder that ways of communication are invented and practiced between hostile trenches on the battle front as between adjacent cells in prison! What wonder that when the fighting ceased at eleven o'clock last Monday morning Germans and Americans together sprang from their hiding places, and fraternized so persistently that official orders had to be issued forbidding friendly intercourse! Hatred may be practiced at home, taught in school, fostered in church, flourish among the millions who never fight; but there is one place it cannot live, and that is the common battlefield, which is shared in life and death with friend and foe. Do you remember how Coningsby Dawson reveals the secret of this kinship between the fighting men on either side of "No Man's Land"? He is describing in one place the miseries of trench life, when the skies are storming and the air is heavy with chilling rain. As they crouch in their dugouts and fight to keep warmth and life in their wretched bodies, what is it that brings comfort to the "Tommies"? It is the words passed from mouth to mouth, and repeated almost as a refrain, "Poor old Fritzie, he's getting the worst of it." How is hatred to live with such a spirit! As surely as armies are divided in loyalty and faith, so surely are they united in misery, in sorrow and at last in death!

Here, now, in these explanations psychological, biological, and sociological, is revealed the nature of hate, and here also is shown the secret of its healing. For if hatred is caused by fear, inactivity and separation, so also, we may be sure, is it cured by the opposite of these same things. Would you heal the hate that this Great War has stirred up within your heart? Then are there three things at least which you must do! In the first place, you must conquer fear. You must be of a good courage in face of whatever prospect of change or of disaster. What, pray, was there to be afraid of during the uncertainties of the German drive last summer? Have we so little confidence in God and in his truth, that we can fear the overthrow of his citadels by the armies of the alien? "If God is for us, who can be against us?" Shall not this be our faith, as it was the faith of the good and brave of old; and shall we not find in this faith the conquest of every fear? To trust in God and in each other—this it is which can give us courage. And with courage, hatred cannot live.

Secondly, if we would banish hatred from our hearts, we must give ourselves to unceasing labor for God and his eternal kingdom. We must toil with all our mind and heart and soul and strength for the things which are true and righteous altogether, and do this till we can do no more. During the past year or more, the American people have done pretty well in the matter of disciplining themselves to action for a cause. I doubt if any of us could have foreseen the high degree of sacrifice which our fellows have displayed in this regard. But even so, it is little, after all, that we have done in the terms of perfect service. Most of us have played rather than labored; few of us have suffered; none of us has been tested to the breaking point. And it is this breaking point which can alone save us from the poison of our hate. Labor, therefore, without ceasing. Know what it is to be exhausted, worn out, "done." Then will you have a heart that is pure, even though you have a body that is broken.

Lastly, if we would escape the curse of hate, we must see to it that we are not severed from our enemies in spirit. We must live with them still in a common world. And this world, of course, must be that divine realm which is created and maintained by the spiritual genius of man's soul. We must lift ourselves "above the battle" to that high plane of experience which may be described as "No Man's Land" in the sense that, unlike the kingdoms of this earth, it belongs not to man but to God. We must live in the thought that this world of the spirit embraces all the souls of men, enemy and friend alike—that there they are no longer English or French or German, but sons of the one God and Father of all, and therefore brothers one of another. That there is such a world is as sure as that God "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." That this world can be entered and possessed in this present life is attested by those great prophets of the soul who have taught men the secrets of the eternal. Jesus could hate no man, for no other reason than that he lived always in this common spiritual world, and thus saw in all men the revelation of God's love. No woman was so foul, no man so cruel, but what Jesus saw the presence of the divine; and therewith the kinship of the common life. This world we must find—this world we must enter and possess—and behold, the sin of hate shall banish from our hearts as disease from the blessing of the sun.

I have been talking all too long this morning, but I cannot close without one final word. During these few weeks, when the Great War has been drawing to its close, my mind has been returning constantly to the last days of the Civil War in 1864 and 1865. Those of you who can recall that epoch in real experience will confirm my statement, based on the reading of history, that feeling ran as high then as it is running at the present moment. There never was a war which created greater bitterness than our Civil War—never a conflict which ended in such a passion of hate upon both sides of the battle line. The hatred of South and North has become proverbial, and strangely enough still survives in certain remote sections of the border states. Had this passion been allowed to capture the nation permanently, it would have meant the moral ruin of the American people. From such a fate various beneficent cricumstances worked together to save us; and among these none I believe was more potent than the influence of two great men.

One of these men was Robert E. Lee. Do you know the story of how he entered a certain church, during the period of the war, expecting to hear expounded the gospel of Jesus Christ? At the close of the service, it is reported that he went forward with his aides, and said to the minister, "Doctor, there is a good old Book which says, 'Love your enemies.' Do you think that your remarks this evening were in the spirit of that teaching?" With which suggestive remark the great soldier turned on his heel and left the church. Again, do you remember what General Lee said about this matter after the war was over? "I have fought against the people of the North," he said, "because I thought they were wresting from the South its dearest rights.

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But I have never cherished bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

The other man was Abraham Lincoln. I love the story of the day, shortly after the surrender at Appomattox, when the President was journeying up the Potomac from City Point to Washington. Mrs. Lincoln, looking toward the southern bank of the river, said something about "our enemies." "No," cried Mr. Lincoln instantly, and with deep feeling, "not our enemies. Let me never hear that word again." And need I remind you of the Second Inaugural Address with which he healed the sorrows of a divided people? "With malice toward none, with charity for all, let us bind up the nation's wounds, and do all that may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

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The Social Order

Bad health for the nation is bad business for all. What is the next lesson of the war? We must pay more attention to the school. The most formidable institution we had to fight in Germany was not the arsenals of Krupp or the yards in which they turned out submarines, but the schools of Germany. They were our most formidable competitors in business and our most terrible opponents in war. An educated man is a better worker, a more formidable warrior and a better citizen. That was only half comprehended here before the war. I am glad that since then we have had Mr. Fisher's great bill. That is a great step forward toward redressing the blunders of the past. We must handle the problem of reconstruction boldly. And the next thing, and the last, is that all classes must be invited to assist, to co-operate, to devise, to work out the problems. The fatal vice of Bolshevism is that it left to one class to the exclusion of all others the management of the trade, commerce and industry of the whole nation. What has been the result? Bad management; and no class suffered more than the class that was supposed to be in supreme control.

Manchester Speech. —*Lloyd George.*

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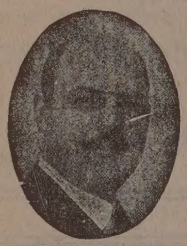

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